SMITH'S REPORT

On the Holocaust Controversy

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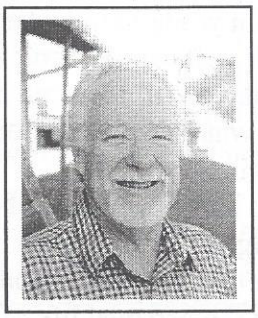

Supporting "The Campaign to Decriminalize World War II History"

ADOLF HITLER AND ME -- A Work in Progress

EXTREMISTS ON THE LEFT, THE RIGHT, THE RACISTS AND REVISIONISTS AGREE
RESTRUCTURING OF CODOHWEB MOVES STRAIGHT AHEAD

Adolf Hitler and me? A typo? A misprint? A sudden descent into something bad? None of the above. It's only Smith working on an interesting new project. It is not a project that I have had in the back of my mind for years, for months, or even weeks. When I mailed ***SR*** 116 it had not yet even occurred to me. That was less than three weeks ago. Why would I announce it so quickly? That's how certain I feel about what I am about to do. I could fall on my face. There are no guarantees. As I like to say, this is life. There is only one guarantee. We all know what that is. Meanwhile, here is a draft of the first chapter. I will have more to say below about how I will use.

ADOLF HITLER AND ME
A Work in Progress

Bradley R. Smith

Chapter One

This afternoon I'm at a Starbucks in Chula Vista where I drink four or five or maybe six double shots of espresso to wake myself up and I get so high that in a fit of raging enthusiasm and self-confidence I decide I will write a book about Adolf Hitler. For the first time in my life I have swallowed enough espresso to get the real affect. Seventy-five years old and I'm flying. Thought is all over the place. The book won't be entirely about Adolf Hitler, but about me too. Wonderful! I will read Hitler's autobiography, ***Mein Kampf***, and along the way I will write about what comes up in the

Continued on next page

brain while I read what he says came up in his. I will write autobiography about Hitler's autobiography. I will focus on his text as he wrote it, not on what he did later, or on what he is accused of having done later.

This is what the lit-crits do. When a professor judges a literary work, she judges the work itself, the text, not the personal life of the writer. Judging the personal life of the author is saved for a different project. Poetry, novels, autobiography are literary works. They need to be judged on their own merits. Hemingway's work is judged on its own merits. The critical reception to his novels and stories was not based on what a boor and liar he was, but on the texts themselves. Hemingway was a mixed bag. His texts were dazzling.

Who better than a man who writes autobiography to play off the autobiography of another? We're talking real life here, real blood, real business, down on the ground real stuff. This isn't a political exercise. My red-diaper friends used to say, "Everything is political." They also used to say, "The personal is political." Both these slogans appeal to me, but particularly the latter, that what is personal is political. All thought is personal. Thought cannot be distinguished from behavior, which is action. Thought is personal, is action, is behavior, is political. A straight line.

I don't know how many of those friends from the 1960s and 70s and even the 1980s are still friends. They were mostly Jews. After I read Faurisson and Butz on the gas chambers, my Jewish friends and I, we drifted apart. I suppose I can put it that way. There's not one among them who I would not want for a friend today.

When we speak of Hitler's book, we use the German—Mein Kampf. Maybe it's because ***My Struggle*** suggests something human and admirable—to struggle is regarded as being admirable on its own—while Mein Kampf, as we all know because the intellectuals never stop pounding the drums for it, is an exercise in madness, bestiality, inhumanity, and nothing more. It's the "nothing more" that gives away their game. I'm willing to go that far out on a limb without having read the book.

It's expected that those of us who believe that the gas-chamber stories are a lot a baloney, that we have all read Hitler's ***My Struggle***. A lot of us have. I know some of us have. I took a run at it myself ten, maybe fifteen years ago. I was very busy at the time trying to promote an open debate for revisionist arguments on college campuses. The professors hated that, and what with trying to handle all their protests and their endless whining I didn't have much time to read. I didn't finish reading the first chapter. What I remember now is that there didn't appear to be much energy in the language. Maybe I was too distracted. Maybe it was something else. In any event I let it go, and I never got back to it.

Here is what I have just realized. Adolf Hitler and I have certain things in common. With regard to our autobiographies specifically, we are simple writers. Hitler's ***My Struggle***—I am writing this on the basis of what I have heard for the last half century—is not a purely subjective text, but is full of politics and political speculation. So is my autobiography. In this respect then, Adolf and me, we have a lot in common. It's all about us, our lives, our feelings, our observations and opinions about this and that. In that way, Adolf and me—we're like everyone else. We are two expressions of the oneness of all humankind.

Okay. But what happened in Starbucks today that brought me to this wonderful project? The idea didn't come out of thin air. It didn't come from ground coffee beans. Like every idea, it came from a mix of memory playing off the event of a moment.

I was in Chula Vista with my wife. We'd had to drive north across the border from Baja so that I could make a bank deposit. We had some errands to do, and when we finished she wanted to shop. She loves to shop. I hardly ever buy anything, and I don't like looking at merchandise. So we made our usual deal. She would leave me alone to go shopping by herself, and I would take a siesta in the front seat of the car. When I woke up I would walk across the asphalt to the Starbucks there, drink coffee and read.

This week I'm reading Julian Beck's ***The Life of the Theater***. It's a beautiful book. Beck is a hopeless romantic, a commie who believes in "the people," the "revolution," the viciousness of the ruling classes, and the possibility of street

theater to change human life. He is unique, brave, intelligent, imaginative, full of energy, and hopelessly optimistic.

It occurs to me that Hitler may have suffered from the malady of romanticism much as Julian Beck did. Street theater and political theater are both—theater. I disagree with romantic ideals of "change" that leaders and those who follow leaders indulge themselves with. I don't believe very much is going to change. That's not pessimism as opposed to optimism, but the acceptance of what we are, which is what we have always been, unfortunately.

Anyhow, this afternoon when I woke up in the front seat of the car, I discovered that I had forgotten Beck's book. I would have to play it by ear. Whatever Starbucks had available. I got out of the car and took the time I needed to stand up straight. I don't unfold as well as I used to, and I don't like to start walking someplace all bent over. I remembered to lock the car, then I walked across the asphalt to the Starbucks. Inside I found Starbucks sells the national edition of the New York Times. This Starbucks guy, he's a genius.

When I ordered my first coffee with the double shot of espresso I discovered that I had no dollars. Only pesos. Starbucks doesn't take pesos. Not yet. I explained to the young lady behind the counter that my wife would be along in a bit and that she would pay for me. She said that was fine. Really? I took the coffee and the New York Times to a small table by a window. The room was filed with the sound of 1960s and 70s elevator rock. It was just right.

Among the many interesting stories in the Times, there was an article about a meeting, I imagine something of a theatrical get-together, of old time Bob Dylan fans. These are guys who believe Dylan is one of the great figures in American music. Especially as a lyricist and spokesman for progressive political ideals. They are like sixty-year-old Dylan groupies. Their back and forth was interesting in the moment. But, as is the case with me, memory interfered with what I was reading, erupting up into the brain.

Thought recalled that a couple years ago I was very surprised to read that a respected English academic and literary critic had written a 550-page book on the lyrics of Bob Dylan. At the time I thought, "Five hundred fifty pages? What the hell is that?" This British lit crit was comparing Bob Dylan to the most important poets of the 20th century. I hadn't read Dylan's lyrics. Over the years I was always aware that he was around, but I never paid any attention to him. That someone had, and in such a serious way, was quite a surprise.

I still remember the morning I first heard Bob Dylan sing. I was in the kitchen in our little second-floor apartment in Hollywood. It must have been 1963. It had to have been then because that was when I was finished with the Henry Miller trial and had closed down the bookstore. If I had still had the bookstore I would have been at work that morning. And it had to be before 1964 because I left Hollywood in 1964 for the casino world at Lake Tahoe.

That was the apartment where I saw the fox with the glass eyes the size of tennis balls race through our bedroom and leap out the window. Where I saw myself naked under the waterfall in ancient Greece. And where I saw the giant lizard explode out of a forest well, embrace me, and fall over backward to the bottom of the ocean, clawing out my guts and balls on the way down. That was one hell of an apartment.

Anyhow, I was in the apartment that morning, the radio was on, and I heard it announced that the next record to be played would be something by Bob Dylan. My ears perked up. I had been hearing about him, but had never heard him sing. I was interested. And then, there he was. I was surprised to discover that the guy couldn't sing a lick. He had no ear, and no voice. It wasn't that he was bad. It was something deeper.

More than 40 years later in Starbucks, the heart and mind (for how can I separate them?) swimming in double shots of espresso, the ears caressed by Starbuck's elevator rock, reading an article by grey-beard, Bob-Dylan groupies, it comes to me. Not for the first time, but again. The idea of writing a book about what comes up in the brain while I read a book. I could do Bob Dylan. Buy his lyrics, read them, and try to stay aware of what thought is producing while I go through the exercise. I am terribly excited by the idea. I understand that part of it is the espresso. I'm high on the bean. Thought is beginning to fly. It likes the

idea of writing a book about what thought produces while I read a book. But Bob Dylan?

And then a different book appears before my mind's eye. I have never understood what that expression means, exactly. Still, we all use it. We know roughly what it means. I recognize the book the moment I see the cover. Adolf Hitler's Mein Kampf. But why did I write "in my mind's eye"? That suggests that thought pictured an image before it recognized a text. Is that possible? Did I see an image at all? I do now, but in the moment?

Adolf Hitler! The most famous, the most controversial man of the 20th century. Maybe the most controversial man since Genghis Khan. Or Jesus. Mein Kampf. The most controversial book in centuries. The swastika! The most controversial symbol in Western culture. If I'm going to start a new book at this point in my life, why not go with something that has some size to it? Not a Bob Dylan. Hitler and his book are matters that interest revisionists, that interest all those who want to destroy revisionism, and interests all those folk who watch PBS and the Network News. A book with a potential market? Am I at the point of making a professional business decision here?

Back in Baja, at the house, I go through the library but can't find my copy of Mein Kampf. I have the standard edition translated by Ralph Manheim. I've had it for twenty years. Longer. Sixteen years ago we moved from Hollywood to Visalia and I had it then. Eight years ago we moved from Visalia down here to Baja and I had it then. The Book is here somewhere but I don't know where. So I get myself up on the Internet, to Amazon.com, and order the James Murphy translation. I'll have it in a few days.

Once I've ordered the book, I have my first doubts. I email a friend in Virginia and ask if he thinks I can reasonably insist on calling Hitler's ***My Struggle*** "autobiography." He replies immediately.

"I guess so--although the autobiographical stuff is molded and subordinated to political/ideological aims. But you could say the same of the Confessions of St. Augustine."

It's the perfect response for me. Not only does it answer my question, reassuring me, but reminds me that I have a story I like to tell about reading St. Augustine myself one humid afternoon on the South China Sea when I was working on a tramp steamer. Back in the 1960s. Maybe I've already told it. I'll look around.

I decide to get back on the Internet and google Mien Kampf. There are 1,650,000 references to The Book on the Google search engine. The entire manuscript is there on line. Not certain which translation. On one site, a National Socialist page called The New Order, Hitler is quoted as having written:

"The prerequisite for action is the will and the courage to be truthful."

It's a pretty interesting observation. It does not appear to me to be the raging of a madman or bestial personality. I would only suggest that being truthful is, in itself, action—not a prerequisite for it. We are all of a piece.

End of draft for Chapter One.

There you have it. A draft for the opening chapter of ***Adolf Hitler and Me***. Keep in mind that it is a draft. I don't know how much rewriting it will need. I'm not going to do any more work on this chapter I'm going on to Chapter Two.

I know this manuscript will not be everybody's cup of tea. No book is. I'm not striking out in a new, untested direction. This is the way I work. I'm very high on the possibilities for the manuscript. I have to stop using the word "high" or people are going to get the wrong impression.

First, I am printing it here so that ***SR*** readers can have first crack at thinking about it. We will set up a page on the Internet, which I announced only last night via email, titled (inventively) "***Adolf Hitler and Me***: A Work in Progress." I will post this draft on that page in its present form. Then I will ask for observations and criticism from anyone anywhere in the world. If you have any observations to make re this project, I may print your comments here, or on the Internet, or both. Tell me up front if you want, or

do not want, your name published.

On the Internet I will set up a page for Hitler and Me and post each chapter as I finish it. I'll set up a second page to post whatever interesting comments and suggestions I receive. This will encourage a public examination of Hitler's ***My Struggle*** from a perspective that I am not aware has taken place publicly anywhere else.

That is, comments will not be solely from those who idolize Hitler, or solely from those who see him as a "madman." There will be nothing posted about the "Holocaust." Everything will have to deal with the specific text—Hitler's ***My Struggle***. I believe this will be a page that will be difficult to ignore.

This should bring many new people to my Websites, including CODOHWeb, ***Break His Bones***, and OutlawHistory, which do treat with the Holocaust story. Each will play off the other.

And then there is the idea of doing "readings" from Adolf and Me. Has anyone ever done such a thing? This may be a little crazy, but it's occurred to me that it could be an interesting exercise. Public readings of a book about Hitler that treats him as if he were a human being.

If I am challenged on this matter, of Hitler being a human being, I will only recall that while Harry Truman ordered the intentional extermination of the civilian populations of Nagasaki and Hiroshima, the deliberate burning alive of tens of thousands of mommies and their children and their own mommies, Harry was a nice guy. I was fifteen at that time, and I recall how my parents and most everyone on our street thought of him. He was a nice guy. He was tough, independent in his own way, funny, a down-home kind of guy. He was "one of us." What did mass murder have to do with it?

Hitler was 35 years old when he began writing his autobiography. He had already committed himself to a grand political agenda based on very big ideas. He had already created a political organization, become a public speaker, risked death for his ideals, and was in prison for his actions.

What was I doing when I was 35 years old? How about you? I was living in a one-room apartment in Hollywood, writing autobiography but with no real book project in mind. I was reading, but I had no big political ideas, and was committed to nothing, other than the right of all to say what we think, the right of all to reveal how we feel. I was working as a longshoreman, and falling in love with a Jewish lady and her children.

What could men like Adolf Hitler and me possibly have in common when we were 35 years old? What do we have in common now? That is what the manuscript will examine.

Sound crazy? Boring? Interesting? Impossible to pull off? All the above? We'll see. I have to note here that I have just received the James Murphy translation of ***My Struggle*** from CPA Book Publishers in Boring, Oregon. The type face is small, it's badly printed, but claims to be "unexpurgated," includes both volumes (I didn't know there were two), and is a reprint of the 1939 edition by the British firm Hurst and Blackett, Ltd.

PROMOTING REVISIONISM
DOWN HERE ON THE GROUND, BUT UP IN THE COSMOS TOO

I have talked about working less via the Internet, and focusing more on the print press and radio. Down here on the ground. The truth is, I have to work all three. While I have shifted my focus in part away from the Internet, I will still work there. It's too important to ignore. The ongoing work on restructuring CODOHWeb, for example. There are other ways I want to use the World Wide Web as well.

I remain with the problem of how to market ***Break His Bones***, which is, frankly, stagnating. It is not the fault of the book itself, but of the man in charge of promoting it. Me. As I keep repeating, for 15 years I promoted my work very well via radio and the campus press. Three years ago, following 9/11, which may or may not have influenced how revisionism is received by the public, I have been unable to work successfully on the ground. I'm thinking. I'm thinking. Meanwhile . . . .

I have decided to focus my online work on programs offered through Google. I will work a

minimum of two hours a day with Google. I'm starting with the Google AdWords program. For those of you who are not online, this is a program where I can place a four-line ad on any subject-relevant Internet page I choose at no cost. The ad links to a relevant page on one of my Web sites. I pay a few cents, in some cases as little as five cents, for each person who "clicks through" to the page that is the ad links to. In this case, to ***Break His Bones***. The aim is to convert a portion of the click-throughs to "sales."

The concept is very simple, but the program itself is one with a thousand ins and outs. It takes time. You have to spend time on it. Time is money. Not for me, I suppose, but who am I to deliberately ignore a truth that is accepted universally in capitalist cultures? Even the Chinese have come around. You can spend as many hours a day, a week, as you want "tweaking" the program. There is, literally, no place where you have to stop. Depends entirely on how much time you put into it compared to how many sales you take out. More on this next month.

[Occurs to me here that maybe one (more?) of you who read this report would like to put a little time into this phase of the project. Help me work with Google AdWords. In its own way, it's very interesting to follow, because you know within a day or two, sometimes within an hour, if what you doing is going to pay off. If one or more of you were to get into this, it would be like me doubling or tripling the time I put into this part of the project. And it won't cost you a dime. Just a thought.]

It is already in my mind that my new page, ***Adolf Hitler and Me***: A Work in Progress, could get a lot of attention. That page will have nothing to sell at this stage of the game, but will be linked to my other pages, including CODOH, Outlaw, and ***Bones***, and I should think it would help with the traffic to those pages.

TEN YEARS AGO THIS MONTH IN ISSUE 24 OF SMITH'S REPORT—JUNE / JULY 1995

When I pulled this issue of ***Smith's Report*** from my files, I was rather set back. The first two pages report on the Campus Project, which was going well. Then I published a defamatory letter written by Willis Carto, addressed to me, and sent all over the world. There were so many false and misleading charges in the letter than it took the rest of this Report simply to answer them. Willis never called, never made any attempt to discuss any of the charges made in this letter. His letter represents one kind of personality that led to the destruction of even a semblance of unity among revisionists, which had been pretty widespread before Carto and IHR went their separate ways.

In the May-June issue of ***SR*** (for a long while I did not attempt to publish ***SR*** every month, as I have in recent years), I report on where my essay-advertisement challenging the U.S. Holocaust Memorial to exhibit ONE proof that German homicidal gassing chambers had existed.

The campuses included Oberlin (OH), Wittenberg (OH), MiddlesexCC (NJ), U Missouri Rolla, U Nebraska Kearney, SUNY-Binghampton, U Wisconsin-Riverfalls, Radford (VA), Loyola (MD), U New Orleans, Bryant C (RI), Salt Lake CC, W. Oregon State, U Tennessee, Northeastern (Boston, MA).

Carto's letter, meanwhile, takes me to task (this is all in ONE letter) for being "self-serving, an egoist, dangerous, untrustworthy, perverse, a smearer, a man from the sewer, a fraud, prejudiced, deceitful, sanctimonious, an exhibitionist, base, a dirty-book seller, swinish, tasteless, of uncertain mental balance, a skewed personality, boorish, sick, an oddball, a megalomaniac, a caterwauler for money, greedy, a man with pudgy paws, having a voracious appetite for personal aggrandizement, a liar, a bum, a sponger," and so on.

In a way, the exchange is interesting. On re-reading some of my responses, I see that I have to explain why I was so weak that I would live with my mother when I was in my 50s (she had M.S. and had been unable to walk for more than ten years and could not feed herself), and how I could have stooped so low as to marry a woman who cleaned houses for a living. I guess I'm just a working-class guy.

I don't want to service the exchange here, but if you want to see his entire letter, and my response to it, drop me a line and I'll send you a copy of issue 24 of ***Smith's Report***. I still have a few of the originals left. If I run out of originals, I'll send you a photocopy.

RESTRUCTURING OF CODOHWEB MOVES STRAIGHT AHEAD
A SAMPLING OF DOCUMENTS NEWLY UPLOADED

My young Webmaster, Gustavo, suffered "computer-breakdown" twice during the month. Each time he had to upload the entire original CODOH Website from CDs. When his machine failed a third time he called it quits and bought into a new computer, which he is putting together himself. Meanwhile, he is working on a borrowed machine. In spite of these frustrations, and several problems with new Internet servers, he lost no data. Following is a partial list of the new uploads onto CODOHWeb.

Aerial Photo Surveillance of Auschwitz, by Andrew Allen

Air Photo Evidence, Large graphics, slow load. By John Ball

Air Photo Evidence, (Text only), Linked graphics, fast load. By John Ball

Pat Buchanan and the Diesel Exhaust Controversy, by Friedrich Paul Berg

The Self-assisted Holocaust Hoax, by Friedrich Paul Berg

Gas Chambers for Robert Faurisson: Answers to a Challenge, by Friedrich Paul Berg

A short introduction to the study of Holocaust revisionism, by Arthur R. Butz

U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum: A Challenge, by Robert Faurisson

Tale of Two Gassings, by Matt Giwer

Leuchter Report Vindicated: A Response to J.-C.Pressac's Critique, by Paul Grubach

The Leuchter Report: The First Forensic Examination of Auschwitz , by Fred A.Leuchter

The Second Leuchter Report: Dachau, Mauthausen, Hartheim, by Fred A.Leuchter

Lüftl Report, by Walter Lüftl

The "Gasprüfer" of Auschwitz, by Carlo Mattogno

"Gassed" People of Auschwitz: Pressac's New Revisions, by Carlo Mattogno

Treblinka Holocaust , by Arnulf Neumaier

Unreliability of Documents in Jean-Claude Pressac's Auschwitz: Technique and Operation of the Gas Chambers, by Carlos W. Porter

The Gas Chamber at Dachau: Now You See It, Now You Don't, by Carlos W. Porter

Some Preliminary Observations on the Charles D. Provan booklet "No holes? No Holocaust? A Study of the Holes in the room of Leichenkeller 1 of Krematorium 2 at Birkenau" by Brian Renk

Additional Comments on the Provan booklet 'No Holes? No Holocaust? A Study of the Holes in the Roof of Leichenkeller I of Krematorium II at Birkenau', by Brian Renk

Christopher Browning: The State of the Evidence For the "Final Solution", by Brian A. Renk

Convergence or Divergence?: Recent Evidence for Zyklon Induction Holes at Birkenau Crematory II, by Brian A. Renk

'Gas Chambers' of Auschwitz and Majdanek, by Germar Rudolf

THE OLD RIGHT, THE NEW LEFT, RACIALISTS & REVISIONISTS
WHAT KIND OF "ALLIANCE" IS THIS?

Front Page Magazine.com, published by David Horowitz, who is very active on the campus, and a pro-Bush/pro-Israel Internet publication, is deeply worried that the Far Left and Far Right have circled around until they have met each other to challenge the Iraq war and the U.S. alliance with Israel. On 12 May 2005, FrontPage published a story addressing this conundrum.

Stephen Zak asks, "How do the public stances of Michael Moore, Pat Buchanan, and David Duke compare? Proponents of both extreme views now think and sound so much alike, they sound like soul mates. Somehow these fringe characters have moved so far around the edges that they have arrived at the same territory, spouting identical positions in copycat rhetoric on such issues as Iraq, the broader War on Terror, and the Jewish state of Israel."

Zak supports his position by quoting those whom he and his fear most.

"There were no WMD's. There was no connection to 9/11. This war was a malevolent hoax." - **Llewellyn H. ("Lew") Rockwell Jr.** ("libertarian" head of LewRockwell.com)

"Iraq had not attacked us, did not threaten us, did not want war

with us, could not defeat us."- **Pat Buchanan** (paleoconservative)

"It's all part of the same ball of wax, right? The oil companies, Israel, Halliburton."- **Michael Moore** (leftist)

"So, for whose benefit does America wage this war? The answer is Israel, Israel, Israel!" - **David Duke**

"The Israeli puppeteer travels to Washington and meets with the puppet in the White House. He then goes down Pennsylvania Avenue and meets with the puppets in Congress ... It is time for the United States Government to stand up and think for itself." - **Ralph Nader**

"The Jews are particularly adept at seizing or insinuating themselves into strategic positions in our society where they wield power far beyond the extent of their numbers....We White people of America have done nothing so far which would frustrate the Jews' expectations or their ambitions of becoming the world's slavemasters." - Neo-Nazi author and publisher **Ernst Zundel** (Canadian neo-Nazi)

"Certainly, there are a number of stories sloshing around the news now...The purveyor of anthrax may have been a former government scientist, Jewish...with the intent to blame the anthrax on Muslim terrorists. Rocketing around the web and spilling into the press are many stories about Israeli spies in America at the time of 9/11...." - **Alexander Cockburn** (editor of far-left "Counterpunch")

"Anti-Semitism is no longer a problem, fortunately. It's raised, but it's raised because privileged people want to make sure they have total control, not just 98 percent control. That's why anti-Semitism is becoming an issue. Not because of the threat of anti-Semitism; they want to make sure there's no critical look at the policies the U.S. (and they themselves) support in the Middle East." **Noam Chomsky**

"I have no plan whatever for challenging 'the Jews' for what's done in their name. At the same time, I understand the...unnaturally bloated Jewish influence in American cultural affairs and political life (particularly relating to the Middle East) ...."- **Bradley Smith** (Holocaust "revisionist")

"Indeed, it is the charge of anti-Semitism itself that is toxic." - **Pat Buchanan**

Here is what I am working on. I am making certain that I do not have too many irons in the fire, and that I do not take on any new work that I will not be able to keep up with.

The restructuring of CODOH on the Internet. This is work that is done largely by Gustavo, under my direction. This is a public service, and a service to revisionism.

Searching for a way to promote ***Break His Bones***. I remain confident it has an audience, but one I have not yet been able to target. This remains important because we need the book to get around. It's a unique revisionist work.

Working on the manuscript for ***Adolf Hitler and Me***. Now that I have The Book and have begun to read it, I have already gotten a couple surprises. More than a couple maybe.

I am continuing to work on updating the ***Break His Bones*** site, particularly the section I call "Smith Revealed." This purpose here is to show how working class people, not just the intellectuals, can find a way to address the most important issues of the day.

I will begin writing columns for the print press, as I noted here last month. I am not yet at the stage of "enthusiasm" that I reached almost immediately with the OutlawHistory newsletter, but I feel very sober about this and understand that it is work that needs to be done.

I hope the above demonstrates that I am doing work that needs to be done. With your help, I will be able to contribute to revisionism as a whole. We all have our role to play.

How much of this work can I do alone, without your help? Very much less than I will otherwise do. There's no one else.

Bradley

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